The COUGHING OLD MAN.

31.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

I. TIMOTHY GUNNING's LAMENTATION.

II. The PEEP-O-F-DAY-BOYS.

III. SERENADE.

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TIMOTHY GUNNING's Lamentation.

BOTH country and city I pray you give ea
To Gunning's ſad fortune, as you quickly ſha
hear,
For ſtealing of Horſes he hanged muſt be.
May the great God receive him in ſweet Eternit

From the county of Sligo to Cork I did go,
In ſpite of my friends and relations alſo,
For thoſe falſe ſetters has done ſo to me,
The gallows and hagnman I'm forced to ſee.

My ſad ſituation is hard and ſevere,
Which my friends and the public they quickly ſhall
hear,
How thoſe baſe traytors has ſwore againſt me,
That I was ringlaider in all injury.

My trial being over and ſentence was read,
At Cork gallows-green I muſt hang by the head,
For ſtealing and coining was ſworn againſt me,
freely forgive my ſad enemy.

In the County of Sligo I was bred and born,
Of honeſt good people that never did harm,
For good education they gave me a part,
But now to my vexation I broke their heart.

For what I am to ſuffer I own I was wronged,
I never was guilty of any ſuch thing,
But thoſe Country Gentlemen envied me,
Both Judge and the Jury gave in I ſhould die.

Now to conclude and make an end of my Song,
As this is the laſt of my glaſs that is run,
I beg the prayers of all chriſtians that is by,
Never to upbraid my poor Family.

The Coughing OLD-MAN.

EACH female ſo pretty in country and city,
I pray you will pitty a languiſhing maid,
That is daily vexed and nightly perplexed,
All by my old huſband I wiſh he was dead;
He is croſs-grain'd and crooked and dotingly ſtupid,

And has nomore ſenſe than a young ſucking calf,
Altho' he lies by me he ne'er can enjoy me,
For ſtill when he is noodling he is killed with the cough.

The very firſt night that he came to bed to me,
I longed for a trial at Venus's game,
But to my ſad vexation and conſternation,
His hautboy was feeble and weak in the main;
For inſtead of pleaſing he only kept teazing,
To him then I turn'd my back in a huff,
Saia he my dear Jenny I beg you will not blame me,
A chuſhla ſe ſthore oh! I'm killed with the cough.

This doating old creature a remnant of nature,
His ſhins are as ſharp as the edge of a knife,
His knees they are colder than ſnow on a mountain,
He ſtands more in need of a nurſe than a wife;
I by him ſit weeping whilſt he lies a ſleeping,
Like a hog in a ſtie he does grunt and puff,
A wheezing and harking both ſneezing and fa—g,
And worſe than all that he's killed with the cough.

His breath it does ſtink like aſafœtada,
His blabring and ſlabring I can't bear,
For each night when I lie beſide him,
He muſt have a ſpitting cup placed on his chair;
His noſe and his chin are join'd together,
His tawney old ſkin is yellow and tough,
Both trembling and ſhaking like one in the ague,
Still ſmothering and ſpitting ana killed with the cough.

For ſake of curſed money my father has undone me,
By making me wed this doating old man, (me,
Altho' ſome they might ſhame me what maid can blame

To crown him with horns as ſoon as I can;
What ſignifies treaſure without pleaſure,
I'm young and would have enjoyment enough,
And not to be tied to a gowty old fellow,
That's wither'd and worn and killed with the cough.

Since fortune to me has prov'd ſo cruel,
In brief my intention to you I'll relate,
If he does not alter and for the better,
No longer on him I mean to wait;
I'll have a look out for ſome rouſing young fellow,
That's able to give me ſome reaſon to laugh,
If ſuch I can find then I'll ſwap my old coucold,
And pitch to the vengeance himſelf and his cough.

SERENADE.

WAFT to her ear, kind gentle breeze,
An hapleſs Lover's lay;
Tell her while ſhe lies at eaſe,
I die, I die away.

Theſe to her tender Boſom bear,
And tell her all my pain,
And if one ſpark of pitty's there,
O! fan it to a Flame.

THE PEEP-OF-DAY-BOYS.

Tune—" D—l harl you over the Water."

DEAR Rodger your welcome once more now from Ulſter,
From which I am thankful you've made your eſcape,
I hear County Armagh is now in great trouble,
By a lawleſs fleet that has cauſed a ſcrape;
'Tis true my dear Manus they're all in confuſion,
They ſwear that the Romans they ſoon will deſtroy,
But the brave Volunteers proper means they are uſing,
They mean to confine e'ry Peep of day boy.

This fleet they give out they are all Preſbyterians,
But that I am ſure is a damnable lye,
For both young and old of that ſame profeſſion.
For to grant them peace they pray all fervently;
They unto their neighbours are loving and faithfull,
'Tis they hates the thoughts of confuſion or noiſe,
They'd join with the Romans to keep down diſturbance,
So that they are, none of the Peep of day boys.

This fleet they cry out we'll the Romans diſarm,
Leave them neither piſtol nor ſword or a gun,
But let them remember who'll ſuffer moſt harm,
E're that they do finiſh what they have begun;
For Goverment know that the Romans prove loyal,
To Royal King George they moſt firmly ſtand,
Throughout the late war they were always ready,
To keep French or Spaniards off the Iriſh land.

I'm ſure that this fleet has no good intention,
As they ſtrive with arms to make themſelves ſtrong,
What I ſuppoſe at this time I'll not mention,
For ſome they might ſay my opinion is wrong;
But if they proceed in what they are doing,
In cauſing each night ſuch tumult and noiſe,
A ſad fatal end to them now is a brewing
Will alter the caſe with the Peep of day boys.

For this wicked crew at night they aſſemble,
To ſome Roman's houſe they do inſtantly go,
The cauſe all that hears them before them to tremble,
Saying give up your arms or elſe your to know,
That this very minute your lives are in danger,
So give up your guns without more delay,
No favour we'll ſhow unto friend or to ſtranger,
While we are the boys of the Peep of the day.

If into ſome houſe where the looms are a going,
This fleet they do happen for to make their way,
The web they deſtroy from honeſt poor weavers,
The yarn they cut without any delay;
Their proceeding now have cauſed an alarm,
They ill uſe all travelers that they do meet,
Soon as I perceived they were doing this harm,
I made my eſcape from this Peep-of-day fleet.

The white boys in Munſter ne'er ſo ill behaved,
It was not religion that cauſ'd their diſpute,
But curſed tythe proctors that yearly oppreſ'd them,

By tything potatoes and corn to boot;
So that the white-boys to ſhow they have honour,
If the break-of-day-boys do come in their way,
If that againſt Romans they dare ſay one ſentence,
Full dearly the white boys their jackets will pay.

Dont think my dear Manus that any profeſſion,
Is ſafe in a County where this fleet appears,
I am certain and ſure they would make no exception,
Only they're in dread of the brave Volunteers;
The law or the goſpel they do not conſider,
Or elſe they would never have caus'd ſuch a noiſe,
I hope next aſizes the laws of the Nation,
Will put a full ſtop to the Peep-of-day-boys.

Great thanks there is due by all honeſt true Romans,
To thoſe Volunteers who moſt firmly ſtand,
Unity and peace is what they do think on,
And thoſe Peep-of-day boys they mean to diſband;
Diſturbance they ſtrive to keep down in this Nation,
'Tis they at their meetings moſt valiant appears,
So now honeſt Manus take this glaſs of whiſkey,
And drink a good health to all brave Volunteers.

FINIS.